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title, but was heir to the vast estates which surrounded the chateau, and were situated about eight miles from the village. When the ship first struck, he, together with a lad about his own age, fastened themselves to a plank, as the only means that afforded them even a chance of reaching the shore; and after striving with the waters for some hours, they were driven on shore, about a mile distant from the fatal rock. But the noble youth, unused to a life of hardship, and untutored in the dangers of the deep, had breathed his last long ere their fragile bark was washed upon the sands.

Juan Palos, for such was the name of the only being saved from the wreck, was about the same age and size as his deceased companion, but far, far different had been their prospects in life, and their feelings on board the ship. While the young Duke, returning from his three years' travels, thought of little but the enjoyments that might be purchased by his wealth, the other, with a deeply boding mind and quick apprehension, was anticipating those troubles with which his poverty threatened him.—The rising sun had faintly tinged the highest pinnacle of the Alpine barrier, in the distant scene, when Juan had so far recovered from his state of exhaustion, as to be able to disengage himself from the plank which had floated him ashore. His eyes involuntarily turned upon his dead companion, who was not only very similar in size and form, but whose face and features wore a striking resemblance. This fact was not unknown to Juan, and the idea came forcibly into his mind, that by assuming the dress of his deceased companion, he might pass for the Duke de Alva. No sooner was this thought conceived than, faint as he was, he commenced putting it into execution by assuming the clothes and jewels of the young Duke.

The tidings of the stranded vessel had been carried to the chateau of the Duke de Alva, and its inhabitants, much alarmed by hearing that the name of the ship in which their young lord was expected, was marked upon some of the packages that had floated ashore, at the ear-

liest dawn proceeded in different parties to traverse the coast. Scarcely had Juan completed the change of raiment and again laid himself upon the sand beside the dead body of his companion, shrewdly anticipating the circumstances which were about to follow, than, on turning the jutting corner of a rock, some of the party from the castle descried them lying together. The rich dress in which he was attired attracted their attention, and it did not require a very strict scrutiny to convince them that this was their young master, while the pulsation and warmth of his body testified that life was not extinct.—Juan scarcely knew how to act, and in this state of mind he lay motionless, as though he were still suffering the effects of his late exhaustion. It would be impossible to conceive the anxious feelings with which the Duchess hung over him, while he lay as if in a state of unconscious stupor, nor the joy which animated her breast as he appeared to be regaining strength. But here he felt he was in a dilemma. What account was he to give of his travels, his affairs, and his acquaintances, or how could he recognize the several friends and domestics, the knowledge of whom three years' absence could not have obliterated, and his failure in doing which would destroy his scheme and bring ruin upon himself. He therefore determined to awake from the stupor of exhaustion only to the phrenzy of a fever, and talk and act so incoherently, that nothing he said or did should be attributed to a sound mind, until he had learned sufficient from the converse of those around him, to act his part with sufficient accuracy. By the judicious management of this plan it was not long before he became acquainted with all the secrets connected with the family, as well as the acquaintances of his predecessor in the title, and so completely did he succeed in his stratagem that, by the period when the laws of Spain permit an heir to enjoy the paternal inheritance, he contrived to have so completely regained his mental powers, as to be allowed to take possession of the princely title and estates of the ancient Duke de Alva.



KILSHARVAN CHURCH.

The civil, military, and ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland, have, for several years, presented a fruitful field of research and inquiry to many able writers, who have succeeded, after much toil, and considerable erudition, in dissipating to a certain extent, the mist of indifference and ignorance that has so long shrouded their history. Still,

although much has been done, the subject is still so very ample, and the materials so very plentiful, the harvest is not yet exhausted; and there are yet many of these remains, which, from their situation, add considerably to the picturesque and attractive appearance of the country, yet wholly unknown or disregarded.

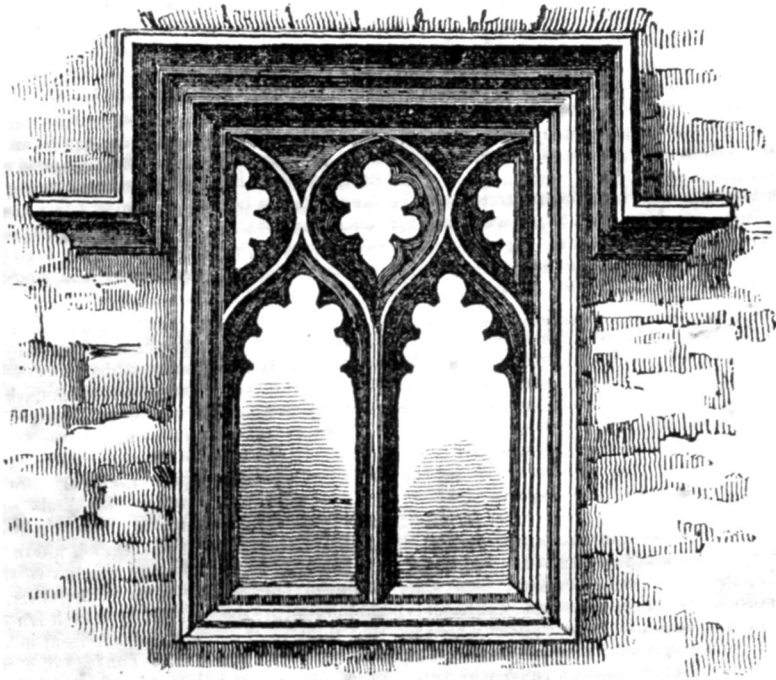
It is true, nearly all the extensive monastic and baronial edifices in Ireland are already before the public; but there is another class of buildings that has been generally unnoticed. I mean the small chapels or oratories, (several of which may be denoted *gens*) and the number of which, as these lie scattered over the face of the country, must impress on the mind of the beholder a high opinion of the piety, or at least, the zeal of our ancestors. These were chiefly erected near the mansion or castle of the lord of the soil, and in process of time generally became parochial, the estate constituting the parish. Occasionally they were built on spots already consecrated by the residence of an anchorite, or hermit, or on the site of a decayed monastery or abbey; and not unfrequently owed their origin to the performance of a vow, or for the support of an ecclesiastic whose office it was to pray for the soul of the founder, whose tomb usually was within the walls and sometimes constituted the altar.

Numbers of these have disappeared, but their sites are still pointed out by the lowly graves of the humble poor, who still seem to have a predilection for them as places of sepulture. However, many of them survive, and with their unadorned belfrys, or ivy-mantled chancel arch,

form, in conjunction with the surrounding scenery, objects at once pleasing and interesting.

In the counties of Meath and Louth, these remains are extremely numerous. Between Slane and the sea, a distance of eight miles, there are no less than nine, placed alternately on either bank of the river Boyne, namely—Finnar, Monk Newtown, Rosnareigh, Dowth, Dunore, Newtown Drogheda, Stagruman, Beaulieu, and Mornington; and the coast of the latter county, from the mouth of that river to Dunany point, is literally studded with them. They are generally of one character; the side walls low, and the gables rising into high pediments, and so giving a considerable pitch to the roof.

The church of Kilsharvan appears to be of great antiquity, and is still much used as a burial place. Of the portions of the walls that remain, the most prominent are the chancel arch, which is pointed and clothed with ivy, and a semicircular arch dividing the nave from the choir. In the south wall are two windows, square-headed and deeply recessed, with mullions and tracery, and having a bold projecting label moulding; they are beautifully executed, and one of them is nearly perfect, of which I send a sketch. Attached to the N. E. angle is a small apartment, the entrance from the chancel, probably intended for the purpose before mentioned.



Kilsharvan church is situate one mile and a half east of Duleek, (on the celebrated abbey of which it formerly depended,) and near the banks of the pleasing little river Nanny, which washes the walls of Athcarne, and gliding past Duleek, and meandering through a lovely valley under Dardistown castle, here is employed for the purposes of a bleach-green, flowing on under Julianstown bridge, (famous for the defeat and total destruction of two regiments of infantry, despatched from Dublin to succour the garrison of Drogheda, during the siege of that town in 1641;) it takes a bold sweep under the fine old castle of Ballygarth, proudly seated on its banks; and finally falls into the Irish sea at Laytown.

The situation of Kilsharvan is that of calm, quiet, peaceable solitude; embowered by trees, which harmonize with the ruins, and add, by their shade, a degree of peculiar awe and repose to the scene.

I have not been able to ascertain the founder, or probable date of erection of this church. The property now is in the possession of Andrew Armstrong, Esq., who has lately much improved the scenery, and remodelled the mansion-house in a style which does infinite credit to his taste, and that of the architect, Mr. Austin Nicholls, of Drogheda, who was employed by him on the occasion. R. A.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

COPIED FROM A MONUMENT IN DUNKELD ABBEY,
SCOTLAND.

Marion Scott, died at Dunkeld, Nov. 21, 1727, and was buried in the Abbey.

Stay, passenger, until my life you read:
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
Five times five years I've lived a virgin life;
Five times ten years I was a virtuous wife;
Five times ten years I was a widow chaste;
Now wearied of this mortal life I rest.
Between my cradle and the grave have seen
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Queen:
Four times five years a commonwealth I saw;
Six times the subjects rose against the law
Twice did I see old prelacy pulled down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
An end of Stuart's race I saw, nay more—
I saw my country sold for English ore.
Such desolation in my life hath been,
An end to all perfection I have seen.

She lived in the reigns of James VI.—Charles I.—Oliver Cromwell.—Charles II.—James VII.—William III.
Mary.—Anne.—George I. and Geo. II.